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The Commonweal

July 25, 1947

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Secretary Marshall's Task

The Dog Days

Freudians and Catholics

Workers' Community

The Coal Settlement

VOLUME XLVI 15c NUMBER 15

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The
COMMONWEAL

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Secretary Marshall's Task

SINCE HE took up where Mr. Byrnes left off, Secretary Marshall has given many indications of knowing just where he was leading this country, but none of his policy statements has been more useful than his brief address to the State Governors who recently gathered at Salt Lake City. His message to the Governors was more than a reaffirmation of the importance of the Marshall Plan; it was a clear indication—for the benefit of those who seem to think that everything is now up to the Europeans—that the Marshall Plan continues to be a two-way affair, and that American preparation for economic action between now and the first of next September is quite as vital to the effectiveness of the plan as is the summary of European economic potential now being drawn up by the committees in Paris. Preparation on this side of the Atlantic means an intensified course in public education.

The European members of the Marshall Plan have already hinted at their one great fear: they are afraid, they say, that the American Congress will rebel when it learns, after a look at the economic score sheet now being prepared by the Europeans, that a vitalized Marshall Plan will require the allocation of another large bloc of American dollars. That possibility also probably haunts Secretary Marshall's nights, but the chances are that he is more seriously worried about other barriers. He knows that the Congress on which he depends will not consider it an unusual pleasure to vote more American money into the faltering economies of other countries (in spite of the fact that this time the dollars will be spent for the benefit of an economic aggregate, rather than its national bits) but he also knows the Congressmen have the habit now, and that the mere fact of dispatching American money is no longer the thing they find it most difficult to do. That part of American public education is accomplished. Opposition to the Marshall Plan in its fully developed form will spring from other sources of native reluctance.

So far, American money grants to Europe have not hurt anybody. It is true, of course, that the American taxpayer's life might have been more pleasant if this country had not been compelled to hold Europe erect during two years of piecemeal gifts and loans, but those two years were, nevertheless, generally painless, and, according to the way things are learned in a post-war world, they were necessary antecedents to the Marshall Plan. But this time, it is going to hurt. The pain can be expected to spread right into the American kitchen. In addition to the plain unadorned dollars that will be needed to make the Marshall Plan go, the American people must be prepared for a different kind of giving away. Until it gathers momentum from its own prosperity, the Plan will require a share of the things which make the United States such a fine place in which to live: grain and meat, coal and steel. For a while, basic elements of our economy will be directed away from the American standard of living, and everyone will have a share in the resultant sensation. It will be new and unpleasant, but it is one of the things Americans must be educated to expect if they really mean it when they say that they want the Marshall Plan to work.

All the opposition to the Marshall Plan will not come from the same place in American society and it will not all be directed against the same aspect of the Plan. Those who are not alarmed at the prospect of a momentary plateau in the American economic climb toward the best possible world may be extremely disturbed at the idea of a rebuilt, even a pampered Germany. It is difficult for anyone with a reasonably retentive memory to be enthusiastic about a completely re-

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established industrial Germany, but there is no way around the fact that an economically alive Europe will remain only an idea unless it includes a re-energized Ruhr. There is no satisfactory answer to the question of how one is to make sure that a reconstituted Western Germany will not suddenly pull away and turn its flow East. But if the Marshall Plan is to be accepted and to move ahead, then the citizens of this country must be educated up to that risk—and to the alternative.

Just as there is no way of being eternally certain that a strengthened Western Germany will continue to be a safe thing, neither is there a water-tight answer to another of the objections that will be made to the Marshall Plan: Will it not, in an oblique way, prepare the participating countries for the very statism which those countries—as well as the United States—are straining to avoid? It is obvious that the Marshall Plan will not get anywhere at all unless the elements poured into it (the heterogeneous European economic wealth, plus infusions from America) are controlled, and it is just as evident that some sort of economic overlordship—called by any sweeter name—must be established to make the control mean something. It is a risk. The final effect might be to prepare members of the Plan, both psychologically and bureaucratically, for a collectivism which would slowly roll over the remaining free spirits of Europe. Again, there is no answer except public education. The nation which supports Secretary Marshall must be taught that in the twentieth century every way, every plan is a risk.

The Miners' Settlement

THE "public anger and resentment" which some papers have sensed over the hikes in wages which Mr. Lewis and the UMW succeeded in extracting from both soft coal and anthracite mine operators derive more from the manner in which the settlement was achieved than from its achievement. Dictators are not popular here. It is hard to tell how successful certain journals have been in whipping up public apprehension about inflation.

Inflation is not a danger to trifle with; nearly everyone in America stands to lose heavily if inflation gets out of hand. The coal settlement does come at a moment when a new inflationary spiral is gathering momentum. That is a bad feature. Yet it is hardly fair to restrain the coal miners from getting higher pay for their personally hazardous work while other inflationary influences are rampant. Food prices, partly under the impulse of buying from abroad, have risen sharply the past few weeks. In addition to the extra demand for all sorts of American commodities resulting from the working out of the Marshall Plan there are several domestic developments in the offing. Two billion dollars in terminal leave funds is about to be distributed to veterans. Congress is in process of adopting a much needed minimum wage law which will reach a figure of from sixty to sixty-five cents an hour. Finally, the government's last controls over consumer credit—chiefly restrictions on installment buying—come to an end on August first. Coal miners' wages are only one factor.

Moreover, cooler analysis of the actual figures tends to show that the rise in labor costs has been exaggerated—no doubt in large measure through John L. Lewis's own boasts as to the extent of the daily raise he won for his adherents. *Business Week* is of this opinion: "Economists are far from agreeing that a rise of $2 per ton in steel costs is certain. One reason: There may be 'offsets' to the increased coal cost that can't yet be figured. The main offset is productivity. There is good reason to believe that even though the miners will be working fewer hours, coal production will remain very high. Thus the coal cost rise may not be so big as the face of the contract might indicate."

All in all, very few would begrudge the miners a few more dollars pay each week. In view of the dangers involved in their occupation and the appalling conditions under which the majority of the miners and their families live, sixty-five dollars a week hardly seems excessive.

The question remains as to what Mr. Lewis has done to remedy these latter basic difficulties: he will probably never be in a stronger position to do something about them. He did insist that the federal mine safety code which obtained under the recently terminated government operation be incorporated under the new contract. Yet this was in force at the time of the Centralia disaster. The St. Louis *Star-Times* reports that the Centralia Coal Company did not contest the case in court and that a circuit judge in Nashville, Ill., decided that a fine of $1,000 would settle for the death of 111 miners due to the unsafe working conditions in the company's number 5 mine. Penalties such as this obviously provide no protection of miners' lives whatsoever.

In the matter of the shameful conditions in many mining towns it looks as if the UMW has been even more negligent. The doubling of the royalty rate for required company contributions to the union's welfare fund provided in the new contract gives more to work with, but these funds have hitherto been expended chiefly for disability and death benefits. In the case of company towns, could not the new contract have called for modernization to bring miners' homes up to certain specified housing standards? Even if such improvements were accompanied by appropriate increases in rent? The UMW for its part could engage in a much more active housing program; it should supply credits, advice, organization at the local level and all manner of encouragement

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to its members to acquire their own homes. As long as lives are constantly imperiled by unsafe working conditions and coal mining families continue to live under squalid and unsanitary conditions, the few extra dollars the union puts in the miner's weekly pay envelope cannot matter to him too much.

Dog Days

IT IS DARK in the middle of the day and it's hot. But there is no use waiting for the thunderstorm because it may not come. On the observation tower of the Empire State a young Negro dropped a quarter on the floor; a boy picked it up and handed it to the Negro; the Negro said keep it, I won't be needing it; then the Negro jumped. In Beekman Place, Mr. Satterlee, aged 83, son-in-law of the elder J. P. Morgan, left a note for the butler telling him where to find another note for someone else, then got into the bath tub and shot himself. You are young or old; you have a name or not; they will build a fence round the observation tower; the police will refuse pistol permits to old gentlemen; over in France, Jean-Paul Sartre will continue to investigate whether existence is worth while. Tell us. Meanwhile they are unloading typewriters from the truck in 33rd Street beneath the Empire State; the truck driver stands there drinking a coke; he looks at sport clothes in the display window; a thin trickle of water is falling on the red foulard, a muddied trickle of water is splashing on the white polo shirt. The man who is washing the top of the store window on the inside is standing on a platform so that he cannot see down. The truckman points to the foulard and the shirt; the window-washer smiles down at him.

There is no relationship between Mr. Satterlee, the Negro who has jumped, the man who is washing the window, the truck-driver who is watching him, the girl reporter who has been told that reporters never use shorthand, and so she talks to the policeman sitting in the radio car and they say they haven't got any name and its not their job to get it, and she says we have somebody up on top, and that's where the story is, but she is not as professional as she would like to be because she is waving a stenographer's notebook to show that she has something written in it.

Meanwhile, also, the subways are carrying people uptown and downtown; the new buses are carrying people uptown and downtown and, also, crosstown. There is still one elevated line; it runs on Third Avenue. Ships are coming up the bay, going down the bay; you can see them from the Empire State observation tower. Meanwhile, also, airplanes land and take off from LaGuardia Field. A French pilot is arrested for cashing forged travelers' checks. Meanwhile it is getting darker; it is only 2 PM, and when you are in the city today it is difficult to see the relationship between any of these people who are moving about in the heat.

All over the country the ball clubs are playing in the heat; and in Greece there is a general with a beard; his first name is Napoleon; his last name sounds Greek and does not matter; he is leading the Government forces against the attack in the Konitzsa area near the Albanian border. Tony Zale who is fighting Rocky Graziano says he has never felt better in his life.

These items are without any connection but that is the way it is in the city in the summer, and even when a million people get close together on the beach at Coney Island—and the news photographer flies over the beach and takes the pictures—there still is no connection between these people.

The fear that comes is that this is not only because of the heat. The fear is that men are always alone. There is this thought of solitude and futility that comes when it is hot and you are waiting for the thunderstorm, but the great fear is that the thought may be valid even when it does not come to you, even when you are saying that you know how the world should be run; the fear is that a thing exists even when you are not thinking of it—whether you are thinking of it or not. The fear is that the diplomats who meet and talk remain each one of them solitary, and that the governments which send them here and there cannot instruct away this solitude. The fear is that when they are all together in the United Nations they still are separate—each man talking only to himself.

Other peoples have their tyrants, but we have Mr. Truman, Mr. Marshall, and all the Senators, Representatives; Governor Dewey and all the Governors; Mayor Curley and all the Mayors, and Mayor Hague's nephew; we have the councilmen, the assemblymen, the commissioners, and the men who know all these men and can put in a word for you. We have the democratic system, and other peoples have tyrants. The great fear is that all we have is remote; that all these men whom we elect are like the fragments that a burning star expels into planetary space—they go off at great speed into irremediable solitude. The great fear is that we are powerless to direct them.

In Union Square, in New York, in summer, it is very hot; the trees are beautiful; there is a mother with two children cast in bronze and they stand in the shade and there is water moving into a fountain. But it is hot. Yet there is always an American flag in Union Square with a man holding onto it while he explains what we have to do to save the world. People stand there listening to him; then they move away to listen to another man who holds an American flag while he explains what we have to do to save the world. The oratory is futile. The great fear is that almost anything else is futile too. C. G. PAULDING.

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Freudians and Catholics

Harry McNeill

IT HAS BECOME fashionable in Catholic circles to take pot shots at Freudianism and psychoanalysis. To be sure, prominent psychoanalysts from the great Viennese master down have often invited censure by their messianic attitude, by their harsh and crude condemnation of certain things commonly held sacred, by their loose and extravagant vocabulary, and by their pan-sexualist allegories. However, eminent thinkers and practitioners, Catholics among them, have, after careful examination and trial, recognized substantial contributions to psychology and psychiatry made by the psychoanalytic school. Obviously, some effort towards rapprochement and synthesis is in order.

In his article on psychoanalysis in the fourteenth edition of *The Encyclopaedia Britannica,* Freud takes credit for inventing the term "psychoanalysis," to which he assigns two meanings: (1) "a particular method of treating nervous disorders," and (2) "the science of unconscious mental processes, which has also been appropriately described as 'depth psychology.'"

He is quite modest about both of these contributions. He writes of the first that "The future will probably attribute far greater importance to psychoanalysis as the science of the unconscious than as a therapeutic procedure" (many critics think it will be just the opposite) and he adds, regarding psychoanalysis as a science, "these very general ideas . . . are its latest conclusions and are in every respect open to revision. . . . Its theoretical superstructure is still incomplete and subject to constant alteration."

Moreover, Freud is apparently modest concerning the applicability of his therapeutic method. "The principal field of its application is in the milder neuroses—hysteria, phobias and obsessional states, but in malformations of character and in sexual inhibitions or abnormalities it can also bring about marked improvements or even recoveries." Further on, while discussing "transference" (which he says "coincides with the force which has been named *'suggestion'*") he states, "Thus psychoanalytic treatment acts as a second education of the adult, as a correction to his education as a child."

It is by staking a claim in the domain of "education" and "character formation" that Freud bumps into Catholicism because, whether or not he covers it with a new terminology, he is here dealing with *moral* education, the training of appetite and attitudes, about which the Church has been concerned throughout its existence.

Perhaps it is precisely because Freudianism and Catholicism present rival ethical systems that it has taken so long for them to get together. The fact is that Church scholars have given scant attention to parvenu Freud and extremely few Catholics have ever been analyzed. People who manifestly are unaware of the true nature of either psychoanalysis or confession have often facilely claimed that Catholics have confession therefore do not need psychoanalysis. On the other hand, it is also curious to note the term "absolution" appearing more and more frequently in psychoanalytic literature. A distinction must be made between the conscious, voluntary and moral on the one hand, and the unconscious, indeliberate and amoral on the other. In principle, confession deals with the former, whereas an analyst deals with the latter when he releases repressed tensions which are dominating an individual's behavior. But it is also essential to recognize certain ground common to the spiritual director and analyst. The basic Freudian method consists of throwing the light of reason on obscure impulses operating in the patient and bringing them eventually under conscious control. Similarly, a searching spiritual director will not rest content with a knowledge of his penitent's surface faults. Starting with a general confession, he will seek the dominant fault of a penitent and will look thereafter for its appearance under various disguises.

Whatever their similarities and differences, it is high time that Catholics and Freudians got together and swapped some of their trade secrets. Both could profit considerably by the exchange.

First of all, Catholics would ask Freudians to throw out their bootleg philosophy and theology and provide themselves with some properly aged nutriment. As a partisan of scientism, Freud professed that philosophy and theology were not valid knowledge since only science could provide trustworthy knowledge. However, after having pronounced himself a total abstainer from philosophy and theology, Freud, with supreme self-deception, then proceeded to introduce into his baggage whole barrels of the stuff labeled "Determinism," "Materialism," "Pessimism." The issues decided by his attitudes here are not within the purview of science. One can make an inventory of biology, chemistry, physics, etc., even

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scientific psychology, sociology or anthropology and find no formal and proper treatment of these topics according to the methods of investigative science. They belong to philosophy and theology and if one is to take a stand in their regard it is necessary to follow the rules of the game. It will not do to attempt a solution of the issues by hearsay, prejudice, or dogmatic dictate. Nor are these issues false problems impossible of satisfactory resolution. It is absolutely necessary to take a stand regarding them. They are critical issues for human conduct.

Freudians need to recognize frankly that to prescribe for the education or reeducation of anyone, a philosophy, a *Weltanschauung,* is necessary. One must see life steadily and see life whole before prescribing the good life for man, and science, because it parcels out segments of reality, cannot provide that wholeness of view. The Freudians are only too well aware of the fact, alas, that a good neurologist is not necessarily a good psychiatrist, nor vice-versa, though each may be eminent in his own specialty.

Having made this initial concession, Freudians should undertake a sophisticated inquiry into the various world views current in society, Catholicism among them. They would find that the latter has much to recommend it. They would find a *Weltanschauung* elaborated by many generations of contributors who have produced a very thorough analysis of the *end of man;* namely, the purpose and goal of human life.

Likewise, they would find that Catholicism has much to offer regarding the *means* to the good life, that is, the cultivation of habits. The Church has been studying this for many centuries and has produced an extremely minute analysis of the chief components of character — habits either good or bad. Contact with this wisdom might prove especially helpful in the diagnosis and treatment of that large and troublesome group now designated "psychopathic personality." Textbooks often treat of psychopathic personality as something between the neurotic and psychotic personality; however, psychiatrists are generally dissatisfied with the term because it fails to indicate the common trait found in personalities as diverse as habitual criminals, pathological liars, sexual psychopaths, malingerers, vagrants, etc. A paper read at the recent meeting of the American Psychiatric Association was entitled "The Myth of the Psychopathic Personality." They might better be called "socio-errant characters," because what identifies them is their failure to conform to minimum standards of honesty, truthfulness, decency, responsibility and to other social virtues in general. It is their social aberrations which usually bring psychopathic personalities eventually into the hands of the law and psychiatrists. They all are probably basically deficient in some aspect of the good habit of justice and have correlative deficiencies in other virtues. Ethicians from Plato's time have pointed out that the cardinal virtues are interdependent; for a man to be fully prudent he must be at once just, temperate and brave.

Freudians could derive benefit from a host of Catholic doctrines and practices, many of which turn directly on central psychoanalytic preoccupations. In connection with *neuroticism* they might look into the relationships between anxiety and the despair about which theologians have much to say. Theologians also have much to say about confidence and hope and the means of cultivating these good habits. In connection with *transference,* Freudians might look into the classic literature on rhetoric which abounds in analysis of the influence of "character" on persuasion. Here they will encounter the great Jesuit tradition in rhetoric. In connection with Freud's capital concept of *repression,* which consists of the violent submergence of undesirable stimuli in the unconscious, they might look into its conscious counterpart, a defect of prudence which the classic moralists called *inconsideratio.*

Although psychoanalysts do not usually occupy themselves with psychotic patients, they might mull over that relic of the "Dark Ages," the town of Gheel in Belgium, where for centuries under the religious inspiration of the Church the townspeople have harbored thousands of psychotic patients and have done little beyond treating them gently and as if normal—with excellent therapeutic results.

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If, however, the Freudians in their rôle of moral guides, as remolders of character, have much to learn from old hands at this game, Catholics too have much to derive from the Moses of modern psychiatry and his followers.

To begin with, Catholics must recognize the fact and the importance of the unconscious. This is really something that should require little prodding. Actually, we should not need a Freud to remind us of this when our traditional psychology is based upon four cardinal concepts: power, disposition, habit, and act, and of these four we can become directly conscious of act alone.

Having realized under the promptings of Freud the implications of our own doctrines, we should take the next step and recognize the instrument, par excellence, for investigating the unconscious, namely, psychoanalysis. This is not to say that Catholics should make arrangements en masse for complete psychoanalysis. Complete analysis is indicated in relatively few cases, and incidentally, the term "complete" is relative too, because analysis, like any system for self-knowledge, needs lifetime application. But where indicated, Cath-

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olics should grant the necessity of psychoanalysis and here we recall Maritain's extreme precaution: "If one must investigate a thousand doctors to find a good doctor, certainly one must consider ten thousand psychoanalysts to make sure of one good psychoanalyst." This reminds one of Saint Teresa's search for the ideal confessor which was not ended until she had tried the most eminent theologians of her day.

Furthermore, Catholics should look into the possibilities of self-analysis on which there is a growing psychoanalytic literature. Once again this is fraught with danger and is analogous to dispensing with a spiritual director, but it ought to be a welcome adjunct to a group with such a strong tradition of self-examination, retreats, and other devices for the purification of intention.

This brings up the question of the interpretation of symbolic material: dreams, slips of the tongue and other lapses, recurrent ideas, and neurotic symptoms. However arbitrary and extravagant the particular interpretations of Freud and some of his followers may be, the symbolic character of much of this material cannot be denied. Forewarned as we are of the ease with which we can see the beam in our neighbor's eye while overlooking the mote in our own, we cannot afford to neglect this source of surprising insight into the workings of the mind. Our so-called will training, in the absence of correlative intellectual self-searching, produces hard, cold, inhuman characters who take pride in their rigidity. Such self-cultivated blindness produces readily discernible bigotry, withdrawal, and negativism in certain Catholic groups.

In this connection Catholics might well look into the Freudian description of *projection*, which is the deflecting of attention from one's own shortcomings by blaming and criticising others. It is deplorably exemplified among Catholics by our all too-prevalent anti-Semitism. Catholics of this country are predominantly of recent immigrant stock. They are not descendants of the Calverts and Carrolls who colonized Maryland. Like most immigrants to America they came here to make their fortune. In the nature of the case, most of them have achieved but a modicum of "American success" and therefore feel frustrated. They are all too ready to project reasons for their failures on the more vigorous—because more recent—wave of Jewish immigrants.

As to Catholics who tend to overdo the sense of guilt and feeling of sinfulness, they should learn from the Freudians something about the devastating effects of "free-floating anxiety." The Creator certainly never intended that man, crowning glory of the corporeal world to whose extraordinary natural powers was superadded the life of grace, should spend his earthly existence as a cowering criminal. Yet many Catholics remain paralyzed in their individual lives and in social action because of an overwhelming sense of failure which makes little men out of them, afraid of life and its challenges.

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An avenue which Catholics might travel under the tutelage of the Freudians is the genetic approach. Our traditional psychology is largely philosophical and based upon an analysis of traits common to adults. It has little to say about the distinctive stages through which man passes to maturity. Accordingly, our ethical training is too often ill-adapted to the developing child and adolescent since there are big lacunae in our differential psychology of the child and adolescent. This is manifest in classic inadequacies in our teaching of religion. The Baltimore catechism was practically a digest of an advanced treatise on theology and was quite incomprehensible to children, yet it was decades before teachers finally howled it out of the schools.

This is also manifest in the domain of sex education where our negativism is notorious. We start early to speak obscurely of sexual prohibitions but impart very little legitimate positive information to the child. We ignore the fact that, unlike brute animals whose sex behavior is largely instinctual, the rational animal's sex practices are learned. Yet we commonly leave our youngsters to the mercy of chance and hearsay. Without accepting the universality of the Oedipus complex, that invariable pattern of incestuous urges which Freud finds present in all children (and which, scientifically, has nothing like the painstaking studies of a Gesell or a Piaget to support it), Catholics have much to learn from Freudians regarding sex development and the capital importance of early sexual experiences. These matters are far too decisive for character development to be shrouded in ignorance and false modesty. We can understand the reluctance of some celibate teachers even to "name such things among them," but parents must be urged to measure up to their responsibilities here. Indeed, Freudians can teach much regarding the entire rôle of family figures in the upbringing of a child, regarding the ideal father, mother, brother and sister relationships. They have studied these matters intensely, whereas far too much of our ascetical literature echoes the monastic viewpoint of life in the religious community.

On the matter of sex, Catholics ought to learn carefully the distinction between *sublimation* and *repression*. By sublimation it is possible to substitute consciously for the satisfaction of sexual urges other forms of activity; this demands considerable self-analysis and objective insight. With blind repression, no attempt is made to keep tabs on the sexual impulses banished to the uncon-

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scious; they are therefore free to assume all sorts of disguises which are profoundly disturbing to human conduct because the real significance of the disguises goes unrecognized. (It is easy to recall to mind individuals who are unknowingly susceptible to the opposite sex; the contrast in their treatment of their own and the opposite sex is eloquent, yet they would be shocked if told that this indicates disguised satisfactions.)

After having accumulated as much experience as the Freudians possess in following the masked meanderings of repressed sex urges, Catholics may avow that perhaps Freud did not exaggerate the influence of the reproductive instinct. In practice the Church was never wont to underestimate that power what with the rigid segregation of the cloister and the other heroic devices prescribed to keep it under control. It might well be that in the last analysis Catholics make a larger estimate of the power of sex than does Freud. That may explain why they hesitate even to talk about it and resent Freudian out-spokenness. If reserve and reticence are expected here in celibate moralists, then Catholic physicians, psychologists, and social workers must step forth!

To summarize, Catholics in greater numbers ought to begin to master Freudian technique in order to use it where indicated and in order to make their influence felt for what it is worth in psychiatric circles. Although it is not generally recognized by Catholics, a great deal of salutary work is being accomplished by psychoanalysts, despite the occasional *cause célèbre*. (It would be nice if the Church could eliminate scandals too!) Catholics ought to be respectful of this work while they are catching up on a road where they have too long lagged behind. Mutual respect and good relations having been established with the analysts, Catholics can then hope to impart some of the wisdom which they feel is their own.

Workers' Community

Claire Huchet Bishop

WHEN I ARRIVED at Valence, in the Dauphiné, in France, and asked the way to the watch-casing factory they said you want Boimondau? I did not know it was Boimondau I wanted. I had heard of the Marcel Barbu community life experiment in a factory or, rather, of community life with a factory thrown in, instead of a farm or nudism, of community life that had found a way of sustaining life and even of making money. Barbu was traveling all over France talking about the success of his experiment, asking people why they did not try it, saying that it could work anywhere and that it was a technique that would preserve man's freedom from centralization and totalitarianism. There was a book about Boimondau. There was even talk about getting the government interested in the plan. I wanted to see what he had done; I wanted to see the factory and the people in the factory; I wanted to know what they did when they got through work and why it was that they stayed in the factory in the evenings and sat round talking to each other—the communists and the Catholics and the atheists and the Protestants talking there to each other. But when I got to Valence I had forgotten the name they had invented for the factory and when they told me when I came out of the station that it was Boimondau, the name sounded like a country house in the woods until they took it to pieces and put it together again. *Boitiers* (casemakers); *Montres* (watches); *Dauphiné* (the province of France). The name does not matter much.

I came into the factory yard and it did not look like the garden of Eden. It looked like a busy factory. But it did not look like a sad factory; it did not look like the kind of factory that has armed guards; it did not look like forced labor. The men and women I saw while I waited in the office looked busy and carefree, and free. I do not quite know how to describe the way they looked; it is not easy to describe happiness and it sounds very silly to describe the happy life of watch case makers. Perhaps I can do it the other way round: the workers I saw at Boimondau did not look as if they were working under the factory conditions Henry Ford tells about in his book "My Life and Work." A quotation gives the Detroit tone: "It is not necessary for people to love each other in order to work together. . . . It is not necessary to have meetings to establish good feeling between individuals and departments." And this other one: "The motion never varies . . . no muscular energy is required, no intelligence is required . . . yet the man on that job has been doing it for eight solid years. He has saved and invested his money until now he has about forty thousand dollars—and he stubbornly resists every attempt to force him into a better job."

It was five o'clock. Time to quit. But no one was leaving. The cleaning woman came in and

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she looked as if she owned the place, in the sense that a housewife owns the place; she started tidying up the office as if she were tidying up her home. Then a sort of committee took charge of me. One of them called himself a materialist. In the language of Boimondau that may mean anything: a Communist—there are 11 straight communists in the factory—or just vaguely a marxist or, even more vaguely, anyone who does not believe that there is anything real that you cannot see and touch. One of them called himself a humanist, and that can mean anything at all but it includes the idea of man's dignity, freedom and generally the conception, or the possibility at the least, of spiritual values transcending material values. The third man was a Catholic. In the factory community at the time there were 70 materialists, 58 humanists, 42 Protestants and 110 Catholics.

We walked through the factory. We looked at the beautiful and delicate machines which make watch casings. These reformers like machines, they like to use machines, they are proud of their machines. The machine is a tool. These factory workers are proud of their tools as a carpenter is proud of his tools. We went through the shops. In the shops men and women sat by the silent machines and it was as if they were at an extension course given for adults by some college. Only here the workers took the courses in the factory. They sent out for instructors, paid them to come; they got good instructors—not instructors who were out of a job; they did not get charity instructors who thought that they were "going to the people." In one shop I saw engineering drawings on a blackboard; in another they were tackling physics; in another someone was reciting Corneille; in another, young men were spelling out words and saying things like the noun governs the adjective. They also have classes in singing, marxism, dancing and Christianity.

The workers pay the teachers; the factory pays the workers to be taught. The working week is 45 hours: 39 in the shop at the machines; 6 in the shop, at the blackboard or at the desk. The factory pays for a number of curious things. Again in that French intellectual language which prevails at Boimondau the theory is stated thus: Salaries are established on total human value which includes professional value (in every other factory that is where the whole thing stops), social value, cultural value.

The community is a system of families. The factory pays for the families. When a single woman works in the factory she is paid a basic salary. When she marries, she stays on the payroll but she no longer works in the factory. She works at home and the factory pays her because the home is an essential part of the life of the community which works the factory. A child is put on the payroll as soon as a doctor diagnoses conception. A child is considered by the community to be working: "a child's work is to grow." A sick member of the community is paid by the factory: "a sick person's work is to get well." Everything that is work is life; the factory is conceived of as something which exists to serve the lives of those who are connected with it.

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So here is a factory that has been put in its place, made to work for the people who work it—as if it were a field, with the corn growing tall, but only because the farmer has planted the seed.

The farmer is alone with his family. But one man with his family cannot run a factory. You have to have a lot of workers in a factory. The only way to save the workers in the factory from just getting paid for their work is for them to make themselves into a family, a family of families, and then, when it is this group or this unit of families which is running the factory, you can have a factory which is worked like a field. That is what they have done at Boimondau.

There were these people who were out of work, or who did not like their work, and then they ran into a man called Marcel Barbu, or rather it was Barbu who went out to look for them. In a biblical fashion he went out to find whoever he could find and then he talked to them. Barbu had learned a trade; he knew how to make watch casings; he had worked at his trade; he had been paid for his work, but he had been nothing more than that workman you see in every city in every country who goes in through the factory gate and who comes out when his day is done and no one in the factory cares what happens to him except during the hours when he is at the machines.

Barbu had not liked to work that way. If he had been a farmer he might have found some land and then he would have worked it with a family of families. But he knew a trade and so he went out and found young men who did not know a trade but who could learn one; he found young men who not only wanted to work but who wanted to find a way of living a complete life.

In France in 1940, after the defeat and the armistice, it was a time when everything was so bad that it was as if everything could and must be reshuffled. There were young men then who had not been placed by their parents automatically, when they reached the proper and inevitable age, at the work their parents told them to do. There were people out of work who had no routine to return to. It was a time when to many it seemed better not to work rather than to work in a factory for the Germans, or in a factory for the French proprietors who were working for the

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Germans, or in a factory for French proprietors who were working for themselves. It was a time when a man could make a choice, and wanted to make a choice, especially if he had been in the army where there was no choice at all and where there was only defeat.

Barbu found a sufficient number of young men who chose to join him in an attempt to establish an industry in which they would abolish the distinction between employers and employees, an industry which would be the means whereby the community could live. And when Barbu and his friends used the verb "to live" they were not thinking that living meant merely to have enough food, a roof, and a little spare time; they meant to force their own factory to provide them a life complete with everything a man needs to develop himself—education, pleasures, and a life that is open to all possibilities of development.

That was in 1940. By 1942 Barbu and his friends had a factory that was working. Professionally they had learned the technique of their work; they had studied production; they could handle the accounts. They had a factory which was not just a plan and they had a community which had determined how it proposed to live. At the end of 1942 Marcel Barbu turned the factory over to the community. He did not turn over shares in the factory to members of the community; the factory became the property of the *community as a whole*. You joined the community, you agreed to live according to the rules of the community—and the community had the factory as if it had a field or a lake; the factory was communal as if it were the common in a New England village.

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But the Germans were in France. The community and the factory had been established but they were not established in a peaceful world where people would look at them and admire them. The community had to decide whether or not it would collaborate with the Germans who occupied France, whether or not it would put the factory to work for the Germans, whether or not the community would submit to compulsory labor. The community decided not to submit. When the Germans came to requisition the machines they found that the members of the community had dismantled them and removed them overnight. They found that the machines had gone and they found that the members of the community had taken to the maquis.

All but nine of them. Nine of them, including Marcel Barbu, were arrested. Of these nine, one was shot, two were deported and died in a concentration camp, four escaped after being arrested. Barbu was taken to Buchenwald.

The factory was gone; it was in ruins; the community was dispersed—but that meant only that it joined the other underground organizations; it preserved its existence—which did not depend on the factory. When the war came to an end the community was still there. The community had never been the factory. When the war was over Barbu returned from Buchenwald, because not everybody died in Buchenwald, and he found the community and together with the community he set to work to rebuild what was the economic expression of the community. Barbu and the community returned to the burned out factory and set to work rebuilding it. They would not like to have me say it because they are individual persons, with all the hopes and thoughts and purposes of the human person, all the worries, theories, and anxieties of the human person, but they were like ants returning to the ant hill after someone had stepped on it. They came back to set it up again. They succeeded.

The factory is prosperous again now. And now that there is peace again the community has been able to settle down (they would not like my using that expression either) to live according to the formula it has elaborated.

In what spirit have they come together? The rules they have made to define that spirit seem self-conscious, but how do you make rules that do not sound self-conscious? At any rate the rules sound very earnest. I repeat that these rules are accepted by materialists, including a few communists, by Protestants, and by Catholics. Here are a few of them:

"The comrades (always this language difficulty—call them what you will; the word should suggest friendship) pledge themselves to a reform of their private life, family life and public life to conform with the common ethical minimum approved by the community.

"They authorize the community to warn them and promise to warn their fellow members when any infringement occurs.

"They pledge complete tolerance in regard to all philosophical beliefs or attitudes.

Each member has the right to follow his own religion."

The common ethical minimum approved unanimously by the community reads as follows:

1. Man cannot live without an ideal. Each comrade must assign an aim to his life and be able at any time to explain his choice.

2. Man has spiritual, intellectual and physical faculties. He should cultivate them all. His choice of method is his own.

3. The community takes each man as he is and asks only that he move toward the ideal he has chosen with good will and energy.

This report that I bring back from France intends to show nothing more than that the people, the workers, at Boimondau have achieved a

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concrete application of the desires that animate men everywhere who are seeking the new techniques of freedom. From now on the workman will never be content with any life that denies him the possibilities of self-development. The workman is beginning to think that money is not enough. The workman no longer is content to think that when he has worked hard all week there may be a few hours of rest on a week-end, and that when he has worked hard for years, there may be a few years when he can rest before he dies. The workman is no longer content to work so that perhaps his children may have an education. He wants to create—not to be given—to create through his own effort, leisure and education and a family, and he wants these things—the natural rights of all men—while they still can be enjoyed. He wants self-development for himself, while he is living. In the United States you can look at a labor union like David Dubinsky's Garment Workers and you will see all these aspirations expressed and a labor union technique in existence to further their realization. In this French community the action has been more direct; it has cut across ownership; the workers of Boimondau have founded a community of their own. That they have been able to do this is due to Marcel Barbu who had the idea and the initiative. You can say that they have a factory, the economic expression of their community, because they met a man who asked them to build one and when they had built it gave it to them. They hope that they are establishing an entirely new pattern, and they may be right.

Communications

THE CLOSED WORLD

South Bend, Ind.

TO the Editors: On Independence Day 1947 I received several letters from Germany. I quote at random from them. The woman-publicist writes: "I think if I had realized during Hitler's rule how the situation would be two years after his disappearance I would have committed suicide. The constant fear of being forced to take some people into one's small apartment . . . the eternal hunger . . . the stories about a new war which may come any day . . . despair and lethargy everywhere . . . and the experience of being dealt with in the same way as one deals with a nazi, of being legally not differentiated from a nazi. . . . But the bad external situation is not decisive. Decisive is the feeling that one is faced by a merry-go-round without aim, that the circle will have no end. . . . I hope that I have not the usual self-pity."

A historian who has written a book highly regarded also in the USA on an important figure of American history and who has now completed a work on the 17th century English revolution, begs: "Please send me *Time* and the New York *Times*." For obvious reasons he cannot subscribe himself and there is no American library in his neighborhood. He is eager to get some information about the world outside Germany. And from a great German poetess and novelist whose last book is celebrated in the German press as a truly European book breaking though parochialism: "I had in the last weeks only one thought: potatoes and flour. That we have come through refutes for me the negative theology with its unknown inaccessible God."

The first issue of the new series of the *Dublin Review*, under the editorship of T. S. Burns has also arrived. In it I find John Murray's account of the intellectual life and literary production of German Catholics. This useful account is somewhat incomplete. Murray had no issues of the brilliant periodical *Hochland* at hand; nor does he mention E. Kogon's "ss state" and his *Frankfurter Hefte*, which now have 50,000 subscribers, and have a waiting list of a hundred thousand more—but there is no paper. . . . He does not discuss Theodor Haecker's posthumous work which is full of insights into the German character, or Elisabeth Langgaesser's novel, "The Indestructible Seal," a novel which can be ranked along with the best that Bernanos has written, a book which describes our world with all its depths, in its redemption as well as its hell.

In these few remarks I am not able to discuss in any detail the intellectual life of Germany today. I will abstain from describing what is going on in Cologne under the inspiration of the Dean of the Catholic clergy, Dr. Robert Grosche; what G. Ritter, the historian, has published lately, or how a close cooperation among German Catholics and Protestants has developed. I can only emphasize one practical issue: *What can be done in order to make the intellectual activities in Germany better known outside her frontiers and what can be done to bring them into real contact with the non-German world, especially* USA? Many letters from Germany express quite fantastic ideas about what is going on abroad. They overestimate many things about which there is very little knowledge in Germany, and they erroneously underestimate others. It is necessary to establish exchanges and possibilities of finding out what is going on.

But one might answer, is there not a reeducation organized in Germany? Are there not special staffs established to deal with educational and religious affairs? Have universities and schools not been denazified? Have not textbooks been purged and rewritten? And are there not in the American zone many American libraries, very well organized, and in which American periodicals and newspapers are available?

I do not have in mind such obviously valuable and necessary activities and institutions. They cannot fulfil the task of creating real intercommunication between German and American Catholics. Not organized and official, but personal and informal exchanges are required. German scholars and journalists, ought to have the opportunity to come to the USA—not for conducted tours—but as the result of personal invitations. I do not belong to those who believe that anyone becomes a friend of

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the foreign country in which he has lived for some time. But, after all, should the entry to USA be open only to such prominent visitors as Cardinal Preysing and Pastor Niemoeller and to German atomic scientists and rocket engineers with their families?

Knowledge of some German publications and of some widely discussed German issues in the USA would serve as an antidote against the oversimplification which tends to overlook the fact that the Germans themselves are pondering their particular responsibilities, as proved by the article of Father Pribilla, S.J., in *Die Stimmen der Zeit*. On the other hand, the Germans could learn by observations and experiences in USA that their belief (that they are hated, persecuted and despised as a pariah-people) is absurd.

There are many political and economic problems which will continue to make the German question an unsolved issue for many years, but that ought not to prevent closer personal relations between German and American intellectual and religious life. Some relations exist even now. For instance, Guardini's and Karl Adam's books are well known among American Catholics.

But that is not enough. More must be done. Why are only so few of Guardini's books translated? And on the other hand, I think German Catholics could learn much from American Catholicism—its activities, its gift for starting new works, its generosity, its readiness to learn which everyone who had the opportunity to teach at a Catholic school, or write in an American periodical, admires. I think that by coming into real contact with American life Germans would become aware of the artificiality and pseudo-depth of some of their problems, of the overcomplication of some of their terminology.

I know that there are channels open to bring Germans for reeducation into this country. Some German scholars have been invited—though so far as I know only scientists of use for military works have arrived. But there is, in spite of all good will, too much bureaucracy around these possibilities; red tape, which is helpless in the face of real dangers.

Everyone concerned with the future of our civilization should help to remove the walls of wartime! In particular, every group, college, and movement should be ready not for some spectacular gestures—lectures by visiting prominent scholars, for example—but for some simple help and personal contact. In this matter, today, the first necessity is to enable German (and all European) scholars to survive. It is the experience of this writer that organized help often does not reach them. Who would suspect that this well-known religious writer or that famous scholar is on the verge of starvation? He does not know how to beg, how to go to the right organization. But the sending of food parcels—and with what gratitude they are received—can be only a first step. "CARE" is not enough; communication of minds is necessary. That can be brought about only from person to person, in small groups, not by bureaucratic organizations, even when they are skilfully run and under a leadership full of good intentions. External difficulties ought to be reduced to a minimum in order to facilitate personal contacts.

WALDEMAR GURIAN.

MODERN CHRISTIAN REVOLUTIONARIES

Petersfield, England

TO the Editors: May I thank the Reverend Leo Trese for his generous notice of "Modern Christian Revolutionaries" in your issue of June 6, and also comment on one remark therein.

He says, "It is interesting to note the contrasts that can result from a difference in viewpoint; Lea, a non-Catholic, feels that Chesterton's genius was largely stultified when he became a Catholic; Attwater, himself a convert, is just as certain that Gill's full flowering came with his entrance into the Church."

I should be unhappy to think I had let my own beliefs influence my judgment in this matter. But in fact I simply expressed Gill's own estimate (though it does seem to me that estimate is right *on the evidence*). In any case, as between him and Chesterton, the positions are rather different: Chesterton when he became a Catholic was 48 years old and already a very well-known and accomplished man of letters; Gill was only 31, inexperienced, and unknown outside a limited circle.

DONALD ATTWATER.

THE ELECT AND UNWELCOMED

Annapolis, Maryland.

TO the Editors: Only twice since the death of René Bazin have I seen his name mentioned in your pages and each time in disparagement—once before the war and again this week in Mr. Paulding's "The Elect and Unwelcomed."

I mention René Bazin because of my continuing admiration for him as a courageous Catholic gentleman (once professor of Criminal Law at the Catholic University of Angers) and as a distinguished writer and long time president of the Guild of Christian Writers. For his jubilee as an Academician he was honored—I note for your information—by Bernanos, Maritain, and Mauriac.

I knew him briefly in Paris and at Les Rangeardières, his home near Angers. I remember him as of medium height, handsome of feature, with white hair and fine moustache. He was straight as a soldier, well-groomed, healthy of color, kindly and simple. He spoke beautifully and simply though not without a dash of imperfect subjunctive. He gave me his *"Pie X,"* inscribing it "God bless the Americans."

His life of Charles de Foucauld typifies the traits he loved to portray in his many other works: the simple, the obscure, the hard-working, the heroic and saintly.

Mme. Bazin, like her husband, was fine-looking, unaffected, gentle. Theirs was a happy Catholic home which radiated with the perceptible love of God.

WM. A. P. MARTIN.

"AN INFINITY OF QUESTIONS"

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editors: This card being handy as I am reading your issue of 11 July, let me convey a feeling, if not a thought, with this phrase, Anne Fremantle is TERRIFIC!

M. J. CULLEN.

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The Screen

Take It Easy

WITHOUT taxing or insulting your intelligence, three new comedies are providing some hearty laughs and a good excuse for timely escape into air-cooled cinema palaces. The plot of *"The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer"* won't solve any major problems about the younger generation, but its lines are amusing and the members of its handsome cast are bubbling with anxiety to entertain. Cary Grant is pleasantly coy as the artist-playboy who finds himself squiring a love-sick 17-year-old in order to avoid a more trying sentence. Because Shirley Temple is such an attractive young actress, the task should be considerably lightened for him; but high-school girls these days have extraordinary ideas about how their knights in shining armor should behave and poor Mr. Grant finds himself doing many things that hardly fit his age. He's a good sport about the whole thing (even during the obstacle race at the picnic) until he realizes how much he prefers Shirley's older sister, played by Myrna Loy, who looks lovely but acts like a cold tomato because she's a female judge who takes herself very seriously indeed. Rudy Vallee, in another of his clever portraits of a stuffed shirt, is more to her liking—until she too sees Cary lustrous in armor. Irving Reis has directed his cast for laughs and succeeds in getting them. Ray Collins, as a court psychiatrist, tries to inject a serious note on the behavior of adolescents who have crushes; but even he succumbs to the spirit of this playful comedy.

Psychology, one of the favorite subjects for movie satire, gets the once-over-lightly in *"The Trouble with Women,"* a giddy comedy about a professor in that field (Ray Milland) and the pretty reporter (Teresa Wright) who's doing a story on him. His previous mistake was in having said that women feel neglected if their men don't beat them occasionally. His present mistake is in not letting the determined girl get her story and be gone. The tricks she pulls to maneuver what she wants are rather absurd; and at times Director Sidney Lanfield lets the plot (by Ruth McKenney and Richard Bransten) drag; but the dialogue is witty and the cast, which also has Brian Donlevy as an editor, Iris Adrian as a strip-teaser and several other capable players, make the most of the situations and lines. I don't think students of neuroses, suppressed desires, and father fixations will object to all this kidding, but you better be careful whom you take to this movie for it hovers on the risqué now and then.

The story of Pearl White, the famous serial queen of the so-called good old silent days, could have been told as a comedy or as a poignant biography with emphasis on the *sic-transit-gloria* theme. Paramount chose the former and allowed vigorous Betty Hutton to portray the star who provided so many thrills during the second decade of this century. *"Perils of Pauline"* shows that Miss White really worked hard in her rise from sewing-machine girl to stardom in the flickers; it also shows that her success was not all glittery—especially her love affair with a temperamental actor (played by John Lund with glum realism). However, most of this semi-factual picture centers on Miss White's unfailing enthusiasm for life and perilous occupation, and Betty Hutton rises to every occasion with pep and humor. The episodes showing film making in the old days are entertaining, and so is much of the comedy, which has a slapstick tone that may be more life-like than we realize. Constance Collier, William Demarest, Billy De Wolfe are most helpful in the supporting cast which also includes many of the actors who were actually Pearl's contemporaries. "Perils of Pauline" is by no means dull as a comedy, but I still think something more dramatically moving could have been done with a success story in which "To Be Continued" plays such a large part.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Labor Movement

Who Will Flatten Whom?

THE REACTIONS of American labor to the Taft-Hartley Bill are beginning to take shape and substance. And they cannot be very attractive shapes for Messrs. Taft and Hartley or for their business friends in general. Labor, in short, is proving to be a little more difficult to fit for thumb-screws than they had figured.

One feature of the bill was to make a union responsible for any and every act of the agents, whether authorized or not. Any action or statement of a minor officer, for example, that could be construed as encouraging a wild-cat strike would have set up the union for a going-over in the courts for violation of contract.

What is the result? Instead of increasing union responsibility, which might have been done by more reasonable legislation, the Taft-Hartley Bill has driven both AFL and CIO to a blanket refusal to sign any no-strike agreements at all. We have a perfect example of this in the new, and rather amazing, Lewis agreement for the soft-coal miners. The contract covers the miners "during such time as such persons are willing and able to work." Nothing could be less responsible than that.

Another thing is happening. It was to be expected that Communist-dominated unions in the CIO should decide to by-pass the new labor board entirely. But even strongly anti-Communist unions like the United Steelworkers, a responsible outfit which recently aroused the wrath of labor extremists by its emphasis on the sanctity of contracts—even the Steelworkers have decided to by-pass the board. Other anti-CP unions will follow suit.

What is going to happen now is not quite clear. But whatever happens, the chances are it will not contribute to the stabilization of American labor relations.

Of course Messrs. Taft, Hartley and friends will say that this just proves that labor is even more lawless and irresponsible than they maintained and there is only one thing to do: beat its brains out until it learns to behave. But is this true?

Let us consider for a moment what will happen to unions that apply to the new board for bargaining elections. The new board starts out with a backlog of about 4,500 cases left over from the old board, which had to struggle along for years with inadequate personnel and appropriations. Recently funds were cut even further.

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Under the old board labor lawyers figured that a simple election, with all parties consenting, took about three months. Where a dispute existed, it took from nine months to a year. The new board must not only conduct bargaining elections, it must also run elections to determine whether or not the workers want a union shop, and in special emergency strikes it must run further elections to see if the workers want to accept the employer's last offer. Another thing: the election set-up for a union shop provides that a majority of all eligible employees, not of all those voting, must approve the union shop. In other words, any man who doesn't bother to vote is actually voting against. This is the worst kind of skullduggery.

It is little wonder that the experts now have visions of locals having to stew for anything up to and over two years before getting an election. By that time a local could fall apart two or three times.

It was for these reasons that the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, assembled this month in convention at Cleveland, pointedly refrained from urging full compliance with the new law and called upon "fair-minded employers to continue peaceful, constructive labor relations in presently organized industries, and to deal with newly chosen representatives of their employees without recourse to the hampering machinery" of the new board.

So it is evident that labor is not taking the Taft-Hartley Bill lying down. Whether labor will be knocked down if it follows through on the general strategy outlined above, this remains to be seen. Somehow it is difficult to believe, however, that American labor will go down for the count. In fact, it is difficult to believe that it will not flatten Messrs. Taft, Hartley and friends long before Messrs. Taft, Hartley and friends flatten it.

Some Good News

THERE IS still good news in the labor movement. Some of the best news, in fact, that has appeared in many years. Len DeCaux has "resigned," and the word is advisedly in quotes. DeCaux has been editor of *The* CIO *News* and head of the CIO publicity department since John L. Lewis first put him in the job in 1937. He has been a consistent fellow traveler and has filled his staff with fellow travelers. Now he is out, and his successor is Allan Swin, a capable anti-Communist. This is progress.

JOHN C. CORT.

Books of the Week

Knock On Any Door. Willard Motley. Appleton. $3.00.

THIS FIRST NOVEL is a dramatization of the fate of a boy who lives and dies in the Chicago slums. Nick Romano, who served as an altar-boy and aspired to the priesthood, soon becomes a brutal, half-conscious beachcomber in West Madison Street, living off holdup victims, homosexuals, and women. The novelist paces the complete degeneration—the loss of any sense of home, the destruction of Romano's marriage, the dimming of all values of trust and affection, the sullen hatred of all authority—until the Nick Romano who walks to the electric chair for murder has only a dull fire for either heart or brain.

Mr. Motley's documentation is impressive. His descriptions of the wretched neighborhoods of Chicago are as fine as anything on the subject. Anything so voluminous makes peculiar demands on *sostenuto* in the writing and in the feeling: for the most part, Motley is up to his job. I suggest only that he has a tendency occasionally to overwrite and to use a lot of fireworks borrowed from other writers; the more regrettably, because he doesn't need to demonstrate his mastery of the recognized tricks, he can get along without them.

Willard Motley's indictment of society for the Nick Romanos is too just to require any argument. But how cogent that indictment is, in terms of dramatic movement, is another question. In the concrete, the fault is a lack of subtlety—sometimes in tone and narrative strategy, as when Motley gets melodramatic; sometimes in technique of language, as when he chooses to talk directly to the reader; sometimes in the very structure of the plot, as when he rushes the catastrophe of Romano's marriage without sufficient impulse from events. In the abstract, the fault seems always to be basically one of characterization: in his eagerness to present his case, he makes his hero a somnambulist. If the answer to all this is that Nick Romano was so brutalized by society that even the will was gone, the inherent weakness of this material for the novel-form remains. (It is by no means a fatal weakness: some of the most brilliant successes in the contemporary American novel have been achieved in the society-as-nemesis pattern.)

We can leave this problem to Mr. Motley with more than usual confidence. He has prodigality, he has stamina; and that is just about as compelling as any evidence can be when we talk of a writer's future.

HENRY RAGO.

I Have Two Countries. Mbonu Ojike. John Day. $3.00.

THIS IS the autobiography of a child. It was written by a man of thirty, a black man from Nigeria, who spent seven years in the United States, acquiring an education in and out of universities. But for all his thirty years, Mbonu Ojike writes with the unspoiled naturalness of a pre-adolescent. There is the same unselfconscious preoccupation with self; the same sense of wonder in each day's discoveries; the same calm expectation of welcome and affection from all whom he encounters.

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None but a child could write with such simplicity of beds and meals cadged, welcomes outworn, persistence and imposition that quite plainly are never conceived to have been annoying. His narrative, the story of his seven years in America, reads as though it had been dictated by a youngster full of himself, and then published without editing or correction. Therein lies its charm. Because, for all that the adjective has been abused, this is a *charming* book. Mr. Ojike's originality in the use of English words sometimes leaves the reader a bit bewildered, as when: "One woman listener tacitly remarked, 'Ralph has finally confronted his equal.' "

This book has no sociological significance. It is an unabashed study, not of American mores and morals, but of Mr. Mbonu Ojike. Probably the author's most profound observation, apropos of race prejudice, is that white men are accepted as equals in Nigeria; why is the black man not similarly accepted here? But for all its lack of profundity, it holds the reader's interest from first page to last. What will he do next? When will someone paste him one? Will he get away with *that?* The pursuit of questions like these sustains suspense and contributes a quiet enjoyment of a kind found in few books. Probably the high point of colossal self-confidence was reached when Mr. Ojike, a private citizen of a British colony, summoned a full-dress press-conference at San Francisco during the United Nations Conference there. The reader weeps with him that nothing appeared afterwards in the papers.

The fact is that Mbonu Ojike is distinguished by two things: first, he is a black man with a British accent; second, his father had ten wives. Those two facts were enough to keep the wheel of fortune spinning for him for seven years. In 1946 his luck ran out, and Mr. Ojike returned to Nigeria at the invitation of the US Immigration Service.

LEO J. TRESE.

The Age of Reason. Jean-Paul Sartre. Knopf. $3.00.

MOST PEOPLE are troubled, at least at some time in their lives, by such questions as: What is the meaning of life? What is its purpose? Are we born free? Is there such a thing as justice? And, if so, why so much evil and suffering? To these questions people need an answer. For those unsatisfied by the doctrines of revealed religion, many philosophies have been elaborately built up. Some offer positive nourishment into which you can bite; but others are purely negative, designed to kill hope, offering to the hungry and thirsty an empty bowl and glass.

It is natural that after wars, when private lives have been turned topsy turvy, the demand for an answer to eternal questions grows acute, that then people will grasp at any philosophical straws within their reach. Thus after the first World War, writers—predestined to voice the unspoken question, to frame the unarticulated answer—gave a troubled world the phrase "lost generation," in which was implicit both that a whole age was damned and that salvation for the future might still be possible. But now, after this war, in France at least, the troubled world is offered the doctrine—cloaked by a high-sounding, windblown name—not of a lost generation, but of a lost mankind. Man thinks, say these not too original philosophers. He even thinks that he thinks that he thinks (an exhausting process) and therefore it is clear that he exists (if anyone doubts it after the Battle of Warsaw and the Battle of Buchenwald). But, these philosophers maintain, it is only when man has discovered that this painful process of self-realization leads him nowhere, save down the decline toward death, that he has achieved the age of reason.

Here is the buried dusty answer in M. Jean-Paul Sartre's "The Age of Reason," the first of his trilogy called "Roads to Freedom." It may not be fair, after reading only this one volume—which comprises a few days in the year 1938—to decide what M. Sartre means by freedom. Yet from the rest of his work, his plays, earlier novels and speeches, as,too, from the work of those of his contemporaries who seek to express the same thing in their own guise, this philosopher seems to propose, in contrast to the four so-called materialistic freedoms propounded by a statesman, one spiritual freedom, one dubious straw for drowning men: the freedom to believe in nothing but oneself.

But do not imagine that "The Age of Reason," in which M. Sartre uses fiction to reveal his philosophy, is merely a treatise. On the contrary, its kernel must be dug out of the story, out of the complex interrelationship of personalities in which the dominant figure, protagonist for M. Sartre himself, is a professor of philosophy in search of four thousand francs to pay for an operation upon his pregnant mistress. This search which leads Mathieu, the professor, not only into long self-examination and self-excuse but also into blunder, cruelty, and crime, makes the muscle of the tale.

Each of the handful of characters grouped round Mathieu stands out as an individual. There is Marcelle, the voluptuous, spineless woman whom, as the book opens, he has been visiting nocturnally for the past seven years; Ivich, the lazy girl student whom the professor thinks he loves and who has no other motive for her behavior than caprice; her brother, Boris, a disciple of Mathieu, involved with an old actress whom he neither loves nor leaves; and Daniel, outwardly beautiful, inwardly ridden by the inverted needs of his dark nature. These main figures upon whom hangs the equivocal action differ from each other in personality, if you like, but they have the common denominator of futility. In their very renunciation—for Ivich renounces the effort to achieve, Daniel renounces perversion to pervert his real self in marriage, and the professor, Mathieu, renounces responsibility in the name of personal freedom—these people do not choose on the basis of a conception of good and evil. Yet neither M. Sartre nor any other philosopher has succeeded in destroying the conception of good and evil as the struggle of life itself. The book therefore turns its back upon what, for most people in one form or another, constitutes the truth.

The pattern of the world as set forth by M. Sartre, shoddied by the worn threads of self-indulgence and of vice, is so narrow that only the hopeless could find it an explanation of existence. For instead of drawing upon the whole wide open book of life for his conclusions, he has torn off a stained, thumbed corner of its yellowest page.

VIRGILIA PETERSON.

The Natural Law. Heinrich A. Rommen. Herder. $4.00.

AT THE LONDON School of Economics and at Harvard the writer of this review encountered two types of teacher, reflecting perhaps the divergent trends of British and American politics. There were the political crusaders who presented history, if not entirely, at least

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primarily in terms of class struggle, from which lessons could usefully be drawn, relevant to the struggle for power by the British Labor Party. And there were the spectators whose primary interest was not in power but in administration, analysts of political machinery, describing systems, comparing results and suggesting reforms, but removed from the active conclaves of party. In short, they were either frank materialists or self-denying skeptics who merely gathered, classified and expounded. Both types, of course, were very earnest men; the former, as I have mentioned, were devoted to the hope of a just social order, which could be achieved only in terms of public ownership, at least of the key industries; the latter were anxious to improve the techniques of government, whether it was the budget process in Wisconsin or the city management of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Neither gave much indication that they were aware of the depths of evil or the heights of good in this political man, with whose future class relations or bureaucratic efficiency they were so seriously concerned. At London the only too obvious nazi brutality was labeled as the last weapon of embattled capitalism, having to do with the nature of capitalist man, rather than of man in general. Farther away from European struggles for power, in a looser society of still large opportunity, American political scientists could devote themselves primarily to the administrative problems of the distribution of the economic surplus, without calling into question the whole social order. Though there was much talk of the common man and the under-privileged man, no consideration was given to the nature of man. Questions, such as Dr. Rommen discusses, of morality, of oughtness, of the natural law, of the essential nature of man and the unchangeable essence of God, of which it is a reflection, were not raised. Indeed, even minor reference to morality was frowned upon as pertaining to the field of religion and preaching, altogether irrelevant and unscientific.

Yet as Dr. Rommen points out, "despite appearances to the contrary, the rise and spread of contemporary totalitarianism do not invalidate the contention that a distinct revival of natural law is occurring today." Modern totalitarianism has reduced to absurdity the axiom *"voluntas facit legem."* The erosion of age-old moral and intellectual molds have confirmed Saint Augustine's dictum that without justice realms are but great robber bands. A positivism, which seemed to respond to the needs of a stable, prosperous society, appears a very weak reed to set against the atom bomb and the total state. Resistance must stem from something superior to history, race, class, or scientific method, and as Dr. Rommen insists, there remains only "the law of God, in whom being and oughtness are identical, and who has revealed His law in the order of being, in the *'ordo rerum,'* from which through intuition or by discursive thinking we derive the precepts of natural law."

Tracing first from the Stoics to the Scholastics, the formulation of this body of spiritual and moral ideas, he follows the turning away from natural law, the victory of positivism, and he points to the present return to first principles. In a second part he leaves history to expound the depth and content of natural law. A compression of the history of political philosophy, even from only a single aspect, into a hundred and fifty pages, can hardly be completely satisfactory; but taken with the philosophical analysis that follows, the whole sets out in significant and scholarly fashion an enduring truth, in the background of a past as old as philosophy and a present as near as our own sore need. EDWARD LITTLEJOHN.

The Place of Splendor. Jessica Powers. Cosmopolitan. $2.00.
The Ship of Glass. Isabel Harriss Barr. Decker. $2.00.

IT IS very exciting that the best twentieth century poetry is Catholic, and even more exciting that it is America which today is producing all the best young Catholic poets. To the readers of THE COMMONWEAL Jessica Powers, the Carmelite, is as well known as the Pulitzer prize-winning Robert Lowell or the Trappist Thomas Merton, and they will not be surprised that her second book of verse is a performance worthy the promise of her first, published in 1939. Indeed, she is continually improving, and the best of all her published poems, "God is a Strange Lover," was written too recently to be included in "The Place of Splendor"—it appeared this spring in these pages.

Throughout all her poems the passion and the life well up continually from their fountains that are within, and water both her imagination and its expression, so that behind the words there is a continual sound of a stream flowing, and to read them is like standing within earshot of a hidden waterfall. Jessica Powers's connecting theme is the certainty expressed by the Buddha in one of his dialogues: "T'is even in this fathom long carcase, percipient, intelligent, that is the genesis of the world, the ceasing of the world and the way going to the cessation of the world." But for her, there is more within than even the Buddha found. On her title page are the words of Saint John of the Cross: "O thou soul, most beautiful of creatures, who longest to know where thy Beloved is, thou art thyself that very tabernacle where He dwells," and her first poem explains how:

> the smothered roar
> of the eternities, their vast unrest
> and infinite peace are deep in your own breast
> That light-swept shore
> will shame the data of grief upon your scroll
> Child, have none told you? God is in your soul.

She has a most rare awareness, and a still rarer gift for communicating her perception, of the abiding presence of the Holy Ghost in her soul.

> The Father seeketh submission
> Suffering draweth the Son
> The Spirit though is only
> By silence won.
>
> Measure thy love by stillness.
> He waits; do thou as well
> Give to His infinite patience
> Thy finite parallel.

She is best when most severe, producing a tremendous impression of the "Holy and awful is His Name" of the Psalmist. In "The Soul Is a Terrible Thing" she gives the whole horror of what free-will implies:

> Failing to rise the soul can turn and follow
> The way of its own willing and be lost
> Crossing somewhere the boundaries of love
> That safe sweet nation of the Holy Ghost.

Alone I did it, alone I damned myself, as Alone He created me; for He Who made me without me cannot save me without myself. Reading Jessica Powers one

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tastes the full bitterness of one's oft-repeated refusal to turn one's driveling insensate monologue into that dialogue by which alone one can be rescued from oneself.

Isabel Harriss Barr writes at another level, but under her polished, agreeable, civilized, well-tailored verses there is also an echo of the many waters of that great stream of wonder, that river which went out of Eden and which, as Charles Morgan said in "The Fountain," is in men a tiny rivulet, but in God is a mighty river, bearing the whole commerce of the divine mind. She has a nice quality of conjunction—in "One Bright Apple" she juxtaposes Atalanta and Eve, who neither are:

> Aware now that the price
> Of one bright apple was all Paradise

And throughout "The Ship of Glass" she contrasts, by setting side by side, poems devoted to the one and then to the other, the sleepy South of cypress and Judas tree, of indigo, trumpet vine, calla lily and bitter weed, and the rowan, heather, wild hyacinths and bluebells of Scotland. Perhaps in her long "Deirdre in Alba" her poetry is spread too thin—it remains for too many lines just pleasant verse, but then Dierdre has been so highly sung that who would sing her is in alarmingly lofty company! Isabel Harriss Barr is at her best when she severely compresses and disciplines her lines, as in the lovely:

> All I have given
> Is now forever mine
> Stained hearts were shriven
> Water was made wine.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

As You Sow. Walter Goldschmidt. Harcourt. $4.00.

THE DIAGNOSTICIANS of the dubious American farm prospect are able men. They have, in recent months, produced an impressive series of articles, reports and several bound volumes to reveal the social peril in adopting the pattern of urban industry in rural areas. If there are serious efforts to defend in print the accelerating trend toward factories in the field I am unaware of them. But despite the fact that defenders of the family-type farm have all the better of the argument, the American small farmer is losing ground at such a rate that when commodities return to peacetime prices the loss of farms and other havoc will be extreme. That raises the question as to how many people are genuinely interested in the problem—and exactly for whom are these books by agrarians intended.

In contrast with Lee Fryer's volume on the American farmer discussed in these pages two weeks ago, Mr. Goldschmidt's new work is much more "sociologic" in organization and tone, to use one of the author's own terms. Not only are tables, charts and graphs quite plentiful but the more he warms to his theme the more pronounced is Mr. Goldschmidt's recourse to professional jargon. If I could figure out who will read his book in any numbers, or even take up the more generally appealing volume of Mr. Fryer's, it might be clearer what practical steps can be taken to stem the ruthless tide of large-scale mechanization.

In any case Mr. Goldschmidt makes a number of penetrating observations in the course of dissecting category by category the component elements in the lives of three California communities. The influence of the Spanish-Mexican hacienda system and of the vast land grants which were characteristic of our Far West is certainly one of his most enlightening explanations. He also gives due emphasis to the practice of mining the soil through intensive cultivation of a single crop on a comparatively small acreage, the demand for cheap labor, the rôle of irrigation, the latest agricultural machinery, speculation in land and the commodity price speculation which makes it such hard going for the individual family farmer. His figures are that 4 percent of the California farmers own two-thirds of the state's farm acreage.

All this finally adds up to a completely money-oriented economy, with commercial entertainment and the urbanization of leisure time symbolic of the new order of things. This is true not only of Wasco and Arvin in California, but the tendency is a national one. Mr. Goldschmidt does not seem nearly so exercised about the loss of the old pattern as some of his contemporaries; in fact, he calls upon our legislators and others to recognize the new situation. What seems to interest him most is the conservation of our soil, the maintenance of full agricultural production and equality of economic, social and every other kind of opportunity for our rural population. But implicit in his criticism of the community dominated by speculators and large agricultural corporations is a vigorous advocacy of many of the virtues of the New England type of family farm. EDWARD S. SKILLIN.

Good-Bye India. Sir Henry Sharp, C.S.I., C.I.E. Oxford. $4.25.

"THIS BOOK," its dust-cover informs, "is a swan-song, a dirge over a way of life doomed to disappearance. But it is a cheerful dirge." Reading this facetious, but shamefully unfunny, indeed boring, book, it is possible to offer thanks in advance for a disappearance devoutly to be wished. There are chapters entitled "Elephants and Others," "Tigers," etc.; there is a surfeit of big and small game shooting stories and a plethora of supposedly comic anecdotes to give local color. There are also remarks such as "Indians resent being excluded from European clubs. This does not mean they are totally excluded. Some clubs open their doors to Indians of good social standing. . . . Simla's greatest asset was the gay and gifted society there collected. If you wanted fun, there were plenty of young and cheery souls. And there were some who, though no longer young, still bubbled with life." Yet the writer admits to "uncomfortable doubts" as to whether "our reforms have been directed along a suitable line"—can parliamentary government ever succeed in countries not peopled by the British "or which do not contain at least a strong British element?"

This does not seem to be a book which will improve the average American's opinion of the English; indeed, it may even lead him to rejoice that, in point of fact, its title would more accurately be not "Good-Bye, India" but "Farewell, British Empire."

Bookman's Pleasure: A recreation for booklovers. Holbrook Jackson. Farrar. $2.75.

WHAT A wonderfully nourishing book! This is an anthology of quotations by authors about themselves, describing what makes them tick, and how. Also it assembles their remarks about each other—mostly kindly, which confirms the view that writers are much nicer people than musicians or painters whose comments on their peers are always catty. The compiler of "Bookman's Pleasure" tells us that it began as a recreation, but

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Next Week

BLACK WEEK, by Ernesto Luciani, comes directly from the scene and tells of a series of incidents which have just taken place in Perón's Argentina. Each by itself is disheartening enough to believers in political democracy, but coming altogether in the course of a single week they comprise a fearful blow to the Christian Democrats of Argentina. One was the explosion of a bomb at the meeting of the Socialist Party in Buenos Aires; another, suppression of *La Vanguardia;* then the attempt on the life of Cirpiano Reyes, member of the opposition in the Chamber of Deputies; the expulsion of representative Sanmartino from that Chamber; and, finally, several indications of further interference with freedom of the press.

LEON BLOY, by Anne Fremantle, is an appreciative sketch of the life and times of that stormy figure, with some reference to two recent Bloy volumes.

IS ENGLAND DYING? by J. L. Benvenisti, takes to task the editors of *Look* magazine for their recent misleading picture of conditions in England and of the way the British people are standing up to them.

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that he cannot help suspecting "such an assemblage of self-revelatory passages might serve also not a more useful, but a more purposeful purpose, ethnological, perhaps, psychological, certainly."

And, indeed, this is a literary biographer's vade-mecum. Here the pride of Blake "I am more famed in heaven for my works than I could well conceive" contrasts with that of George Moore: "I wrote the first serious novels in English. I invented adultery"; whilst that of Jane Austen "I think I may boast myself to be, with all possible vanity, the most unlearned and uninformed female who desires to be an authoress" may be compared with that of George Wyndham "I have a wife, a son, a home, six good hunters and a library of Romance literature. I mean to enjoy them."

"Speciment Days" is the most absorbing section of the book. Milton, Swift, Scott at Abbotsford, Ruskin in Rome, Walt Whitman sunbathing, Yeats at Coole Park—here is a slippered view of each that in its actuality is worth all these great men's thoughts upon love, fashion, or their own aches and pains. "The Golden Calf," a chapter on the relations between poets and their publishers, is also illuminating: Byron denies he ever received a farthing for his work—though Murray offered a thousand for "The Giaour" "I said it was too much:" Bernard Shaw declares that "a sufficient income is indispensable to the practice of virtue" and Dr. Johnson, of course, has the last word: "No man but a blockhead ever wrote, except for money."

Index and bibliography are all they should be; indeed, this small and modest volume is a most admirably civilized one. **A. F.**

Maine Ways. Elizabeth Coatsworth. Macmillan. $2.75.

ANYONE lucky enough to have been in Maine in summer will find plenty in Miss Coatsworth's book. Before he has progressed very far he will encounter an item in the leisurely narrative which will remind him of the sparkle in the air, the cool of the woods, flashes of color from a well-planned garden or some picturesque and aged character who spoke with a memorable touch of humor and wisdom and kinship with the past. If you have never been to Maine—or at least some of the states nearby—it will be much more difficult to understand the author's underlying enthusiasm. Yet anyone who loves nature or life on a small farm or people with strong individuality will find a kindred spirit in Elizabeth Coatsworth.

No doubt it is much easier to appreciate the virtues of life in the Pine Tree State summer and winter if you have solid personal finances. Farming there is not easy, nor in ordinary times does the Maine logger or fisherman have much laid by. And in Miss Coatsworth's book, as in so many studies of the subject, the emphasis is on older people. It is in the local aged that the sense of family lives on, that self-reliance, friendliness and the other New England virtues are most patent. Taking them as a whole, Maine's younger people today are pretty much of a question mark.

Elizabeth Coatsworth, who is the wife of an eminent naturalist and herself a successful author of children's books, seems to like nothing better than visiting around. Much as she is alive to the riches of nature, large and small, animate and inanimate, which Maine furnishes aplenty, it is really when she gets to see neighbors previously known or unknown to her that her enthusiasm goes

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into high gear. Even in the short but brilliant Maine summer the kitchen, with its unparalleled home-made things, is the focus for her most pleasurable visits. Here is a representative sample of "Maine Ways": "Our host was an old man and his talk was ripe and vigorous, ranging over a whole lifetime's experience of men and books. As we talked his son's blind pointer came into the room and lay at our feet. He is not an old dog although he has been blind for some years. Habit has made it possible for him to move about the house without knocking into anything, and he has his own safe routine when he goes out to walk. Our talk turned to dogs, for our host had owned them all his life . . ." E. S.

Modern French Literature, 1870-1940. *Denis Saurat. Putnam.* $3.00.

THIS is a very short book made up of a flashing series of completely arbitrary decisions. It must be a fascinating business to attend Professor Saurat's courses in the University of London because he is undoubtedly most amusing and anyone who can be amusing about a period of literature is bound to throw much light on its authors. Nothing is deadlier than the professional attitude which thinks that all writers, because they are printed, have a right to the same quality of serious consideration—although this one will have fifty hours of comment and this one five. M. Saurat evidently thinks that many writers can be dismissed with one joke.

That of course is quite all right for M. Saurat because he has read the writers he tosses out; it's all right also to enjoy M. Saurat's performance—if the reader has read the writers under discussion and particularly those who are not discussed. This is a book for people who know something about the subject and, if they do not, it is a book that should send them to find out about it. That is the highest praise that you can give to a book on literature: to say that it starts a conversation—in the course of which you get tired of listening and you start to answer.

So that one does not mind M. Saurat's surprising admiration for Anatole France and Pierre Loti; it is quite true that it would be profitable to read them again. And one is grateful for his less surprising admiration for Zola; it is certain that Zola for a long time has been a neglected figure, and a much abused one. As M. Saurat points out, he had a sense of justice and responsibility which had nothing whatever to do with his theories of scientific materialism. Péguy, he likes as a man: "He was a great man—perhaps a very great man—but he was not a good writer. . . . No one I have ever met has read him through, but there are very good passages." He likes him because he understood and admired Hugo: "Péguy is a model to critics, and is intellectually much higher than Brunetière or Rémy de Gourmont or any of the others." It is true that no one has ever read Péguy through; it is almost impossible to do; but to say "there are passages" is not sufficient, because when the passages come they give the illusion that one has read everything he ever wrote, that one knows him so well that it is impossible not to hear the sound of that extraordinary voice forever.

M. Saurat reads the modern poets well, from Rimbaud to Valéry. The chapter on Proust is excellent. It is very useful to be reminded that "there is no such delightful painter of family life as Proust. . . . If we read him with a mind open, enjoying but resisting his constant lies in depreciation of human nature, he provides his own remedies." C. G. P.

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The Inner Forum

In the Ruins of an Abbey

LAST MONTH at Llangollen, Wales, at the ruins of the Cistercian Abbey of Valle Crucis an international music festival was held. On this site, on which the monks of Saint Bernard had established a monastery seven hundred years ago, choirs from Ireland, Italy, Hungary, Portugal, Spain and Sweden sang in company with wounded British soldiers and visitors from other lands.

Abbot Malachy Brasil, O.C.R., of the Cistercian Abbey of Mount Saint Bernard, led the first solemn entry of the Cistercian monks through the ruined walls since the dissolution of the monasteries in the British Isles. Archbishop Michael McGrath of Cardiff, Wales, preached in Welsh to a congregation standing in the grass-covered nave of the abbey, on the Feast of the Sacred Heart at a pontifical High Mass offered under the open sky by Bishop John E. Petit of Menevia. The good weather which marked the opening of the ceremonies later deserted them. Stations of the Cross had to be held in a chapter house the second day, while on Sunday "rain poured down in real Welsh good measure turning the ground in the vicinity of the abbey into a veritable quagmire" and making it necessary to hold the ceremonies of that day in the Pro-Cathedral at Wrexham.

In addition to the choirs there was a carillon of bells produced by phonograph records and broadcast by amplifiers through the hills and valley. Besides the members of the hierarchy mentioned above, the visiting choirs and twenty Cistercian monks, there were hundreds of the faithful—to whom were added on the final day hundreds of others attracted by the ceremonies. The London *Tablet* reports that the government Office of Works is soon to take over the abbey as a "scheduled monument," which will mean that it cannot be used as a place of prayer.

But these ceremonies serve as a symbol of the revival of the Church in Wales. According to the *Catholic Herald* there were in Wales, one hundred and seventy years ago, only 750 Catholics with 9 priests; today in the Diocese of Menevia alone there are 21,000 Catholics and 180 priests. The Welsh Province is itself still only thirty years old. Bishop Petit of Menevia declared that unless the ceremonies at Valle Crucis were interpreted in the light of reality Catholics could be so carried away in dwelling on the picturesque arts which were once theirs that they would forget that behind the Mass stood the dignity of Christ and behind the dignity of Christ, the redemption of man.

CONTRIBUTORS

Harry MCNEILL taught psychology at Fordham University before the war and served in the Army as a clinical psychologist.

Claire Huchet BISHOP is an author and critic, and her "Pancakes-Paris," published by the Viking Press, was awarded one of the big juvenile prizes of the spring.

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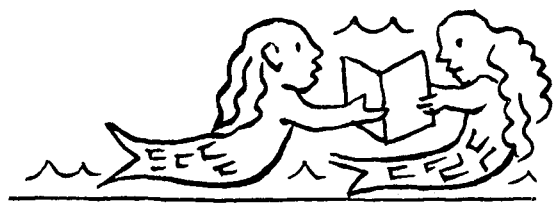

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